

A pleasant new Court Song,  
Betweene a young Courtier, and a Countrey Lasse,  
*To a new Court Tune.*



**V**pon a Summers time,  
in the middle of the moone,  
A bonny Lasse I spide,  
the fairest ere was bozno,  
Fast by a standing Idole,  
within a meadow greene,  
She laid her selfe to cole,  
not thinking to be seene.

She gathered louely flowres,  
and spent her time in sport:  
As to Cupids bowres  
she daily did resort.  
The fields afford content  
vnto this Maiden kinde,  
Such time and paines she spent,  
to satisfie her minde.

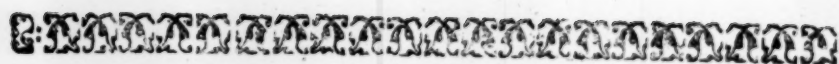
The Cowslip there she cropt,  
the Daffadill and Dazie:  
The Primrose lookt so trim,  
she feared to be lazie:  
And euer as she did  
these pretty posies pull,  
She rose and fetcht a sigh,  
and twicht her appon full.



I hearing of her wissh,  
made bold to step vnto her:  
Thinking her lone to tyme,  
I thus began to towe her,  
faire Maid, be not so coy,  
to kisse the I am bent:  
O she, she cribe, away,  
yet smiling gaue consent.

Then did I helpe to sticke  
of enery flowre that grew,  
So herbe noz flowre I left,  
but onely Time and Rue.  
But she and I toke paines  
to gather flowres those,  
vntill this Maiden said,  
kinde Sir, Ie haue no moze.

Yet still my l'oning heart  
did proffer moze to pull.  
So Sir, quoth she, Ie part,  
because mine appon's full.  
So Sir, Ie take my leaue,  
till next we meet againe:  
Reuards me with a kisse,  
and thankes me for my paine.



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O she, she cribe, away,  
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Then did I helpe to sticke  
of enery flowre that grew,  
So herbe noz flowre I stt,  
but onely Time and Rue.  
But she and I toke paines  
to gather flowres there,  
vntill this Maiden said,  
kinde Sir, Ie haue no more.

Yet still my l'oning heart  
did proffer more to pull.  
So Sir, quoth she. Ie part,  
because mine appon's full.  
So Sir, Ie take my leaue,  
till next we meet againe:  
Returnde me with a kisse,  
and thankes me for my paine.

The second part, To the same tune.



**I**t was my chance of late,  
to walke the pleasant fields:  
Wher sweet tun'd chirping birds,  
harmonious musicke yeelds.  
I lent a listning eare  
vnto their musicke rare:  
At last mine eye did glance  
vpon a Damsell faire.

I kept me close aside,  
vnder a Hallowthorne bryer:  
Her passions laid her downe,  
o'rerul'd with fond desire.  
Alacke fond Paide the crye,  
and strait ht she fell a weeping,  
Why sufferst thou thy heart,  
within a false ones keeping?

Wherefore is Venus Quene,  
whom Paides adores in minde,  
Obdurate to our prayers,  
oz like her fondling blinde:  
When we do spend our lones,  
whose soulder pence is vaine:  
For men are growne so false,  
they cannot loue againe.

The Quene of Loue doth knowe,  
but how the matter standes,

And Hymen knowes. I long  
to come within her bands.  
My lone best knowes my loue,  
and lone repales with hate:  
Was euer Virgins loue,  
so much vnforsunate?

Did my loue sickle proue,  
then had he cause to flie:  
But he be iudg'd by loue,  
I lou'd him constant y.  
I hearing of her bower,  
set bashfulnesse a part.  
And stru'd with all my skill,  
to chare this Paides heart.

I did instruct her lone,  
where loue might be repaid:  
Could I, quoth the faine loue,  
I were an happy Paide.  
I straight in lone repaire.  
In me thou lone shalt finde:  
So made the bargaine sure,  
and eas'd the Paides minde.

FINIS.

Printed for Edward Wright.